

Goin' back some day by Jancys-Blue-Bayou

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan B., Murray B., Nancy W.

Pairings: Jonathan B./Nancy W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-11-14 04:33:54

Updated: 2019-11-14 04:33:54

Packaged: 2019-12-12 14:50:44

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,340

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "Jonathan Byers you're a real romantic at heart aren't you?" Murray teases and he can already tell this will be a long day. "Can you help me or not? I just need to know the songs. I brought tapes, if you're record player has a tape deck I can just record them and be out of your hair." "Ah, young love. Who am I to stand in the way of it? But I hope you remember something about the

Goin' back some day

A/N: For day 2 of Jancy fic week 'Mixtapes'.

What is he doing? He's insane to be driving all the way to Sesser for this. But this has to be done and he has no other way of doing it. But he is insane.

"Jonathan Byers, quite the surprise. Where's your better half?" Murray greets him with his smug look after he's finally opened the ridiculously reinforced door after forcing him through the whole charade of looking into the security camera.

"She's at home. I... need your help."

"Ah, more lovers quarrel? Granted I understand you coming to me since I solved it for you the last time, you're welcome by the way, but I really have neither the time nor the interest to act as love guru to a couple of teens."

"There's no quarrel! I don't need your help with that, it's something else."

"Ah, well come in then."

Murray's bunker looks just like it did the last time. He glances over to the couch where three months ago they sat and drank watered down vodka while smooth jazz played in the background and Murray brought up a lot of things to the surface. His gaze wanders towards where he then threw caution to the wind and made the best decision of his life and kissed Nancy Wheeler. And the door behind which an unforgettable night was spent.

"I haven't noticed any new abnormal activities in Hawkins. I hear your family is doing well. So it's not that, and if it's not trouble in paradise either, what is it that brings you here?"

He knows this will be painful, but he's prepared to deal with Murray for this, because he wants to do this for Nancy. He's willing to endure

a lot, even smug alcoholic conspiracy theorists who talks down to him, for Nancy. He would like to take care of this as quickly as possible though so he decides to just go straight to the point.

"When we were here, you played some music I didn't know. I need to know the songs and record them, for Nancy. It is important."

Murray is quiet, studying him for several long moments, thinking. Then his face breaks out in a smirk.

"Valentine's Day is on Thursday," Murray notes like he just cracked a mystery.

"Yes."

It's their first Valentine's Day as a couple. He's not quite sure what to do, if it's important to Nancy or if she just disregards it as a stupid Hallmark funded holiday, like he had for a long time. Before he got a girlfriend. He's not taking any chances now. Besides, even if it just is a stupid made up holiday he still likes to do something nice and hopefully romantic for Nancy. Naturally he'd gone towards making her a mixtape. It's his bread and butter after all. He's made countless of mixtapes through the years for himself and for Will, and he's already made several for Nancy. But this one he feels like he has to put more into. It feels important. The mixtapes he's already made for her have been more casual, stuff he likes that he thinks she might enjoy mixed with stuff he knows she likes. But for this one he has the idea for more of a theme. And that is, songs that are them, that are important to them.

And at the top of the list for that is two songs he doesn't really know even though they're stuck in his mind forever. Because they played right here during the evening before and the morning after the best night of his life. He needs to know what songs they are, and having no other way of finding out he eventually came to the conclusion that, regretfully, he had to go see Murray again.

"Jonathan Byers you're a real romantic at heart aren't you?" Murray teases and he can already tell this will be a long day.

"Can you help me or not? I just need to know the songs. I brought

tapes, if your record player has a tape deck I can just record them and be out of your hair."

"Ah, young love. Who am I to stand in the way of it? But I hope you remember something about these songs that hold such importance to you, because shocking as it may seem to you I don't recall everything I played on one night three months ago while I was buzzed."

"Okay. One was a slow song, like some old jazz song."

"Good, you've narrowed it down to 92 % of my catalogue."

"- with a woman singing-"

"Down to 83 %..."

He sighs heavily.

"I don't remember all the words but it was like 'You better go now because I like you much too much' and like 'There's the moon above and it gives my heart a lot of swing', um..."

"Billie Holiday — You Better Go Now," Murray spits out after a second. "And the fact that you don't know that song encapsulates everything that is wrong with the youth of America today."

"Okay."

"For god's sake if you don't know Billie Holiday what even is the point of your life?"

"... I don't know."

"Okay, Billie Holiday, Lady Day..." Murray mumbles as he walks over to a shelf filled with records and browses through them until he comes to a halt. "Ah, here we are," he triumphantly pulls out a single and takes the record out and puts it on. Soon familiar tones fill the room.

"Yes, this is it."

"Sublime, just sublime," Murray comments and hums along to the

tune.

"Yeah, it's nice."

"Nice'? It's *much* more than nice this is-"

"Look, I love it okay, otherwise I wouldn't be here would I? Christ."

"Hey don't raise your voice when Billie is singing."

He tries to speak again but Murray shushes him so he just has to wait until the track finishes.

"Marvelous," Murray sighs wistfully. "Now, the other song?"

"It was a bit more uptempo. Male singer. It had bass line that went like," he starts to hum. Murray scrunches his face. He sighs. "And it went like 'I feel so bad I've got a worried mind, I'm so lonesome all the time, since I left my baby behind on blue bayou'..."

"It's called Blue Bayou, you philistine. Roy Orbison. Hang on one moment."

Murray goes back to browsing through his shelves until he finds the record he's looking for and soon once again more familiar tones fill the room.

"Yes, this is it. Thanks. Can I record them now?"

"Hey why don't you just take the records."

"Really?"

"No! Of course not! Are you crazy? Why would I ever give away anything by Billie or The Big O?"

"Then why did you-"

"That was a test of character and you failed."

"Can I still record them?"

"Oh sure."

The look on Nancy's face when she puts the mixtape in and hears the opening bass line makes it all worth it. It stuck on her mind just as it did on his. She leans in and kisses him.

"This is so romantic. How did you get this?"

"I have my ways," he simply answers. Nancy raises a questioning eyebrow so he elaborates. "I went to see Murray."

"You drove all the way to Sesser to get this song for a mixtape?"

"And the next one... and yeah because it was for you so... it needed to be perfect."

"I love it," she smiles and pulls him in for another kiss. "I love you."

Nancy's eyes light up when *Blue Bayou* leads into *You Better Go Now*.

"Dance with me," she says and gets up and reaches a hand out, helping him up from her bed.